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AND

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OLD NICK:
A SATIRICAL STORY.

(CONTINUED)

VOL. II.—CHAP. II.

The parson with the poker and tongs — Mrs Pawlet with Virgil.—Animals that gather children from leaves.—She is attacked —Resolves to kill a bull.—Why she gives up the idea.—Watts, Lionardo and Young, quoted to prove that we are the ancients.—Why we are led to think the ancients were wiser than we are.—In what instance they are so.—Description of a Roman beauty.—By whom wigs were commonly worn in Rome.—A French lesson —The Abbe's confusion.—Rousseau and Voltaire.—An apophthegm well applied to their genius.—

AFTER breakfast the next morning, Mrs. Pawlet and Barclay, as before, withdrew to the library, there to pursue their respective studies. They had not been there long, however, before their curiosity was excited by a great bustle below stairs. Mrs. Pawlet consequently rang the bell, and was presently informed that the noise was occasioned by the parson, who had just learned from the gardener that his bees had swarmed. The moment Mrs. Pawlet heard this, she stalked up to the further end of the study, and whipping Virgil under her arm, bolted out of the room. Barclay, curious to see the bees swarm, followed her into the garden. Immediately when Mrs. Pawlet saw the parson, she exclaimed,

"Tinnitusque cie, et matris quate cymbala circum!"*

"I have no cymbal, my dear," said the parson, "but here comes the gardener with poker and shovel, and that must answer the purpose."

* Mix with tinkling the cymbal's stroning sound.
DRYDEN.

The parson now began beating away; and the bees gradually collected together and hung from the bough of a tree. Mrs. Pawlet, having during this time seated herself on a bench, began the fourth Georgic, which she read aloud, notes and all, commenting herself also as she proceeded.

Penelope was absent.

"It was a doubt," said Mrs. Pawlet, "with Aristotle whether the bees assembled together on hearing the sound of brass, through fear or joy. Plato and Pliny, I find, attributed it to the latter: Varro and Columella to the former. I am with the Attic Moses—I am with Plato."

"Well, well, my dear!" said the parson, who did not in the present case care what was the cause, so that the effect was good, "I see they are very quiet now, and if I could but catch the queen-bee, all would soon be right."

"Why do you call it the queen?" cried Mrs. Pawlet. "Virgil expressly says, *Rex*, the king. I know the moderns, who will always be pretending to discoveries, say that they suffer but one queen-bee;—but I am shocked at this, and prefer siding with the more modest Virgil:

"————e foliis natos et suavibus herbis,
Ore legunt, ipsæ regem, par————"*

Here she was interrupted by the parson exclaiming,

"Bless me! there she goes again.—There—there. She has fixed upon Mrs. Pawlet, as I live! Sit still, my dear, don't move for the world, and they won't hurt you."

* "In their mouths reside their genial powers,
They gather children from the leaves and flowers,
Thus make they kings to————"
DRYDEN.

Mrs. Pawlet had not time to inquire what he meant before her left shoulder and arm were entirely covered with bees. She was alarmed; but the parson entreating her not to touch them, and that then there was no danger, she sat still, perspiring through apprehension, until they were all settled. The parson now seized the queen-bee, and put her into a hive, whither the swarm soon followed, and relieved Mrs. Pawlet from her fright.

I should have said, however, that previous to this event she had abused the parson for taking so much pains about recovering his bees; affirming that she could produce him any quantity he pleased, according to Virgil, from the putrified bowels of bulls*. This the parson listened to with his usual temper, but still in his mind treated it with all the disrespect it deserved. However, Mrs. Pawlet declared that she would kill a bull at her own expence, to cure the scepticism she saw in her husband, notwithstanding his manner; but this late accident had given her such a surfeit of bees, that she resolved to have nothing more to do with them.

Being clear of the swarm, she shut her Virgil, and returned with Barclay to the library, conversing on the obstinance of those presuming moderns who prefer themselves to the sagacious ancients.

"An author," said Barclay, "whom you justly esteem, the pious Dr. Watts, has this observation, "It is granted that the ancients had many wise and great men among them, and some of their writings, which time hath delivered down to us, are truly valuable, but those writers lived in the *infant state of the world*; and the philosophers, as well as the polite authors of our age, are properly *the elders*, who have seen the mistakes of the younger ages of mankind, and

* Georgic iv. v. 555.

corrected them by observation and experience."*

Although opposed, Mrs. Pawlet heard Barclay with delight, for the character she had received of him, made her hold him in great respect. Not being able to refute Dr. Watts's argument, she took her memorandum-book from her pocket, and attacked it in a different way.

"I recollect the passage very well, Mr. Temple," said she, "but let us examine whether the idea it contains belongs to the doctor. I think I can prove the contrary." Here she stood still, and opening her tablets, read, "At page 47, vol. i. Lionardo de Capoa has these words, *Noi veramente siam da dire i vecchi, &c.* To speak the truth, we are the elders, and the ancients who are born in the old world, and not those who were born when the world was in its infancy and youth, must by experience have known less than we do.† Eh," cried Mrs. Pawlet, exultingly, "is it not so?"

"So it appears," replied Barclay, "but surely the repetition of the same sentiment disproves nothing!"

Mrs. Pawlet made no reply, but pursed up her mouth, and raised her eye-brows; as much as to say, I believe you're right.—Barclay proceeded:

"I am apt to think," continued he, "that the little regard some men have for persons of their own age arises from a vanity inseparable from the weak, (such alone treat slightly the wisdom of any age, remote or present) which inclines them to think themselves as wise as any of their contemporaries, and feeling that they are not so shrewd as the ancients, consequently imagine that none can be so that exist with them. Added to this, they see the best of those who are dead, and none of their faults; whereas they have an opportunity of contemplating the frailties of the living, which draws a veil over their beauties, and in a great degree destroys the relish for their works. They cannot esteem the precepts, however noble and good, of a man whose life and conduct give proof that he sets no value on them himself.

* Watts's Logic, page 221.

† If Watts was indebted for this thought to Lionardo, Dr. Young was probably obliged for it to Watts.

"Why should it seem altogether impossible," says he, "that Heaven's latest editions of the human mind may be the most correct and fair; that the day may come, when the moderns may proudly look back on the comparative darkness of former ages, as the children of antiquity regarding Homer and Demosthenes as the dawn of divine genius, and Athens as the cradle of infant fame. *Conjectures on Original Composition p. 74.*

"In this one respect, it is true, the ancients were wiser than we are, they never rejected wisdom and useful discoveries because they were new. One school rose over the head of another, and was constantly preferred; inasmuch as it exposed the absurdities of its predecessor, and displayed its superior merits to the eye of truth and reason.

——Si tam Græcis novitas invisa fuisset,
Quam est nobis, quid nunc esset vetus? *

Mrs. Pawlet looked at our hero with pleasure and amazement, as he delivered his sentiments with energetic warmth, and a quotation occurring to her mind she abandoned the argument, and exclaimed,

"*Quæ nunc vetustissima*, &c.† what are now believed to be the most ancient of things, were once new. Our age will grow old, and what we in the present day behold taken from examples, will hereafter be examples themselves."

Barclay apprehending that he might have said rather too much, softened it down by praising the aptness of her quotation, which pleased her exceedingly, and they returned to the library on the best terms imaginable.

This day the whole family were invited, we recollect, to pass the day at Mr. George Pawlet's, to celebrate the period of his nuptials. This being a constant custom, Mrs. Pawlet had long thought of it, and made great preparations for the occasion; but such preparations as the reader will not easily guess. They had not been reseated in the library above half an hour, when Mrs. Pawlet sprung from her chair, and marching up to Barclay, addressed him in the following manner:

"Mr. Temple, I have a great opinion of your good sense, and of course suppose that you despise all outward embellishment of the creature—I do so as much as yourself.—Let others decorate themselves with all kinds of gew-gaws; though I put on none of these, yet shall I not be the less adorned! For as we read in Proverbs," (here she gave the original, with which I shall not plague either the printer or the reader.) "*Gold*, and abundance of *rubies* and *precious ornaments* are the lips of knowledge‡." "Such I prefer," continued she, "but, in conformity to the custom I see prevalent on festive days, I mean to appear in a dress that will not a little surprise; and if there is any true and classical taste left, will, I think, not a little delight. The Grecian costume is too commonly worn to deserve my attention, and I have consequently, to be as original as possible, chosen the Roman. I shall follow Petronius in every particular. I have consulted my features, and have no doubt but that I shall realize all he describes."

Saying this, she turned on her heel, and retired to perform what she had intimated, leaving Barclay smiling at her monstrous absurdity and vanity. That the reader may have some idea of the figure Mrs. Pawlet was about to make of herself, I shall translate the model she had in view.

DESCRIPTION OF A ROMAN BEAUTY.

"No words can express her beauty—whatever I say will be less than she deserves. Her tresses curling naturally, diffused themselves all over her shoulders:—her forehead was small*, and exposed the roots of her hair†;—her eye-brows extended as far as the top of her cheeks, and almost joined over her nose;—her eyes were brighter than the stars shining in the absence of the moon;—her nose a little aqueline; and her mouth such as Praxiteles believed Venus possessed.—To end; her face, her neck, her hands and her feet, which were laced with a small golden bond, for whiteness eclipsed the Parian marble‡."

After conforming to these particulars as much as possible, she was, instead of her common, to wear a *stola*, or large vest that came down to her ancles, first twisting *fasciæ*, or thin sashes round her body, to make her appear slender: and in this particular she was sure to succeed admirably.

When Mrs. Pawlet had left Barclay, he thought himself at liberty to retire also.—He rose accordingly, without knowing precisely whither he was going;—but it may be guessed, he had a secret hope, that in straying about, he might, by chance, meet with Penelope. He descended the stairs, and opening the parlour-door without being observed, he saw the Abbe sitting by Penelope, who was reading French to him. The work they were perusing was *La Nouvelle Heloise*; a book that breathes all the ardent spirit, and fascinating eloquence of its author.‖ They had just come

* If the Grecians had been so inimical to novelty as we are, what would now be old?

† Tacitus. ‡ xx. 15.

* This was considered as absolutely necessary to beauty.

† The hair was turned back to shew that she did not wear a wig, an article commonly worn in Rome by women of loose character; so much so, that when a matron was obliged to wear one, as the former had their's made of a bright yellow colour like gold, she to distinguish herself chose black.

‡ A marble of surprising whiteness.

‖ J. J. Rousseau page 50, Vol. I.

to the end of a letter to Julia, which the Abbe desired Penelope to repeat after him.

"Ah, *c'est joli!*" he exclaimed, "dat's pretty—Now you say again," *Je ne puis plus vivre dans l'état où je suis, et je sens qu'il faut enfin que j'expire à tes pieds—ou dans tes bras**.

Barclay was behind them, and could not therefore see the expression of the Abbe's face during this repetition, but his manner was not such as pleased him.

"I hope I did not intrude," said Barclay, not wishing to be caught acting as a spy.

Hearing his voice, they both instantly turned round. The Abbe appeared confused, but Penelope seemed happy to see him, as he had been reading the loves of Julia.

"Not at all," she replied, moving her chair from the table. "Monsieur l'Abbe and I have done for to-day.

"What has been the subject of your morning's study?" said Barclay, taking the book from the table, and opening it.

"*Jean Jaques, Monsieur!*" answered the Abbe.

"The language here is very glowing," said Barclay, "*thoughts that breathe, and words that burn*†; and the descriptions not such as I should like to put into the hands of every young lady; but Miss Penelope has so much innocence and virtue, that all these things may pass thro' her mind, leaving no stain behind."

Barclay kept his eye on the Abbe while he spoke, who felt the awkwardness of his situation, but was going to reply, when he was interrupted by Penelope, who said,

"I don't know, Mr. Temple, that this is an improper book for me to read. All I have met with in it, I am sure the heart may feel. But if it is wrong to read it, Monsieur l'Abbe is to blame, for I obey his instructions."

The Abbe now began to defend himself by saying, "Dat it was de pure French, and dat Mademoiselle no read for de matter but for de *langage*, and de *prononciation*."

"I thank you, Monsieur," said Penelope, "but I must confess that I took no in considerable interest in the matter."

Here the Abbe found some succour by the parson's entering the room, who said,

"Well, well, now the bees are all quiet and safe, and I believe 'tis time for us to go and dress."

The Abbe took the hint, and putting his Rousseau into his pocket, made several obsequious bows, and withdrew. Barclay could not forgive him.

* I can no longer live in my present state, and I feel that I must at last either expire at your feet—or in your arms!

† Voltaire, who was Rousseau's greatest enemy, confessed, to use his own words, the only ones he ever spoke in his favour, that *sa plume bruloit le papier*,—his pen burned the paper. I can ascribe Voltaire's enmity to Rousseau to nothing but envy. He was envious of so formidable a rival in falsehood, infidelity and irreligion. Rousseau may boast of his feelings, and his exquisite sensibility; but when I find him abandoning his infant children, suppressing all the affection of a father, and for ever dissolving every tie that could bind them together;—when I find him doing this, I say, however plausibly he may gloss it over with words, I cannot help saying that I despise his vaunted feelings, and ridicule his affected sensibility. When he took refuge in England, Hume tells us that the king allowed him a hundred a year, with which, added to a hundred louis per annum of his own, he might have lived quietly with his gouvernante, in a retreat afforded him by a Mr. Davenport in Derbyshire. But no; he could never be at ease; he fancied himself persecuted by his enemies.—Is it not probable that he was merely persecuted by the furies of his own conscience?

‖ "To make assurance doubly sure," I shall advance another trait that can leave no doubt of the *feeling and delicacy* of Rousseau. In his Confessions he does not scruple to acknowledge that he and another kept a girl between them.

Talking of Rousseau and Voltaire, however, I must in justice say, that they were men of wonderful talents and genius; which excellent qualities they employed the greatest pains to misapply,—so much so, that they cannot be better described than by an apothegm mentioned in the Adages of Erasmus.

Be ne currunt, sed extra viam;—They run well it is true, but they run the wrong way.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Commentator, No. 26.

"*.....When he falls, he falls like Lucifer,*
"*Never to rise again.*" SHAKESPEARE.

IN this world it is impossible for any one so entirely to divest himself of self-love as to act from disinterested motives. Engagements, which are in themselves unexpected, and will not allow me to divide my attention, compel me to retire from the post I had taken. In consequence of this the present number will be the last of the Commentator, unless at some future period circumstances should occur which would admit of their continuation. I have seen several writers who started in the same race, fall short of their goal, and give up the pursuit when hardly commenced. I have found how great a degree of virtue, of genius, and of judgment it would require, to correct the foibles of Society; and have experienced how greatly inadequate to to the task I have been, had a presumptuous expectation ever been formed of my own competency. The design of my numbers has invariably been the promotion of morality, and the inculcation of sentiments hostile to infidelity. But to give force to such a publication, it is necessary that it should be read generally; and to be read generally, requires a greater portion of attractive qualities than the Commentator ever possessed. Authors who fail in the execution of a feasible project, or indeed schemes of any description, generally console themselves with the reflection, that their intentions were good. Of this consideration, I think I can with justice avail myself, as my design was perfectly pure; but the end proposed to be accomplished was too important for the humble means; and convinced as I was upon setting out of their insufficiency, I risqued my justification on the consideration, that if productive of no good they would prove of no injury to morality and religion. The task of combating the efforts of the apostles of deism and the professors of the new school of philosophy, I willingly relinquish; with the hope that abler pens will be used in the vindication of insulted Christianity. The spirit of innovation has diffused itself in every quarter of the world. Its errors have been concealed with the utmost art, and it is the duty of every man of integrity to advocate the glorious cause of truth, and exert every energy to rouse mankind from a lethargy which will prove fatal to their present and future happiness.

The essays which have appeared in the course of these numbers are exposed by their inaccuracy to the attacks of criticism. I invite them, because if any errors have been advanced I most sincerely wish them to be corrected, and the specimen of critical examination which I have seen* has convinced me, that among the readers of the Repository there are some whose talents are fully competent to the task, and when exerted in a *good cause*, will be beneficial to society at large, and honourable to the individuals who possess them. The correspondence of Misan Risden I consign to the writer who shall first exert himself to correct the follies and vices of mankind. His last communication I had prepared for publication, but owing to the circumstances which occasion my renunciation of the pen, they must remain in oblivion. Upon taking leave of him I must remark, that his spirit appears to be too ardent, and his disposition too active, to suffer him to continue in his present train of thinking, and in all probability he will soon abandon his present re-

* See Criticism on Commentator, No. 7, by J. C.

tirement to taste in Society that portion of happiness which is allotted to mankind.

And now friendly reader, farewell! I thank thee for extending thy indulgence, and for the patience thou must have exercised. On the point of bidding thee a last adieu, methinks I feel a certain something which excites my sensible regret. The effusions which have been submitted to thee I wish had been more worthy of thy perusal, but it is now too late to amend them. I therefore crave thy compassion for my errors, and again bid thee farewell.

For the editor of the Repository I have many thanks. His attention merits my warmest acknowledgments, and to receive the approbation of the virtuous for my intentions and exertions, will be more acceptable than a crown of laurel. J.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

"*Is this the flight of fancy?—would it were!*"
YOUNG.

THAT the greater part of the evils with which mankind are afflicted, proceed from misconduct, must be obvious, I think, to every attentive observer capable of reflection, whose perspicacity can penetrate to the real state of things and who views with an impartial eye the fluctuations of life. Man seems to be doomed to misery; from the moment he receives being, until death, pain, mental and corporeal desease, sorrow, &c. are his companions, and very little respite is allowed from their importunities. But if virtue was early inculcated in the heart, she would act as a potent antedote, to counteract, in a great measure, their violent effects, and silence their importunate clamours. Casualities, it must be allowed, will happen; and often the friends of virtue meet with severe afflictions which no human wisdom can foresee, or power prevent; but still there is a pleasing sensation arising from the consciousness of not having deviated from rectitude, and that distresses did not proceed from turpitude or mal-conduct! this brings up, and adds strength to the hopes of the upright children of affliction, and mitigates their sorrow.

An inattention to cultivating the mind, together with the force of bad example, is what leads many, indeed I may say almost the majority of mankind, into the commission of crimes and vices, which render them deaf to the monitions of wisdom, dead to every social, virtuous affection, and miserable beyond description. What pity it is, that mortals, "pensioners on the bounties of an hour," should so far lose sight of themselves—should so far abuse the goodness of that BEING who gave them life, as to neglect and slight his kindness, his beneficence, by persevering in a course of iniquity, which must not only make them obnoxious in the eyes of Omnipotence, but detestable in the sight of men. If, in youth amiable principles were instilled, by a suitable education by those who have the means, and those who have not by wholesome precept and example, we would find that a decrease of vice and immorality would be the resulting consequences. But how is this neglected! alas, with what pain must the friend of humanity while passing our streets testify to the truth of it! his heart must smite him on beholding objects, truly pitiable, so sunk in infamy, that commiseration, instead of alleviating, would only add fuel to iniquity, and charity protract flagitiousness. The heart is led on by imperceptable degrees in vice, until it becomes so callous, as to baffle all human attempts to bring about a reformation, and consequently every avenue is shut up through which virtue could gain admittance! humanity may dictate, friendship may bestow, but where vice's impire is established their united efforts mostly prove in vain.

Called upon some time since by an acquaintance, who is an active member of *Female Association*, to accompany her on a solitary visit amongst her pensioners, I cheerfully complied. The morning was cool—we took some little necessaries along with us, and commenced our route. After having witnessed several objects of distress, some of which were indeed deplorable, we came to a cluster of miserable hovels;—an alley led up to them and branched off in a diagonal line;—a house upon the right was the one wanted;—we tapped at the door for admittance, and whilst waiting until some one should open it, my companion desired me to observe with attention (upon appearance) the person she was in quest of. A female opened the door, making many apologies for detaining us so long, and requested to know what was our business. Is Mrs. B—— at home? Yes! I will call her. In a few moments a venerable figure descended the stairs, dressed in wretched attire, with scarce a sufficiency on to protect her enfeebled limbs from the cold; her face denoted her to be about 70;—sorrow sat on her countenance, which upon seeing us, brightened up and assumed a faint smile;—her speech seemed to convey an idea she had seen better days. After discoursing a while, and giving what we brought along, which was a little cloathing, we took our departure. Now says my female friend, I will tell you who that personage is; she is the sister of Mrs. M——, a respectable old lady whom you are well acquainted with! The sister of Mrs. M——! exclaimed I with surprise; can it be possible! It is truth she replied, and I will inform you in a few words the cause of all her afflictions. "In youth she of a gay, volatile disposition, fond of amusements to excess, and too often indulged in those which tend to debase the mind, and unfit it for social intercourse. An injudicious selection of companions, whose council and meretricious actions so often prove destructive to weak minds, gave a bias to her wavering principles. Her worthy parents saw with regret the change in their daughter's conduct, and endeavoured by sober reasoning to recall a sense of duty; but in vain. She married in a candestine manner Capt. B——, who soon dying, left her with one child, a daughter. As is natural to suppose, this poor unfortunate girl, trained up without education, and influenced by the example of an unnatural mother, followed her guilty footsteps through the divious labyrinths of vice, and thus laid the foundation of all the miseries of their subsequent lives. Yet were they not forsaken by their relatives, who strove by acts of kindness, to produce reformation, though without effect. For some time past it was not known where they were, but chance directing me to that miserable spot, I found them in the distress you have been an eye-witness to. Notwithstanding poverty with all its horrors stare them in the face, they are not fully sensible of their awful situation, but continue the wretched slaves of sensuality and depravity."

O ye, who are not so far sunk in the gulf of infamy! learn from this history a lesson of instruction. What I have relat is not the excursiveness of fancy, but a picture drawn from real life! unexaggerated in the least. If you are not hardened against the voice of reason, listen to her dictates; recall your scattered senses, and betake yourselves for a moment to reflection; probably the practice of virtue will yet be grateful to your souls. If a course of iniquity is persisted in, be assured the vengeance of that BEING will overwhelm you,—whose smile is life, but whose frown is death. EUGENIO.

OBSERVATION.

It too frequenly happens that the principles implanted by education are destroyed as soon as we enter society, like seeds sown in a hot-house, of which the tender plants often wither, the moment they are exposed to open air.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

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"It is not good that the man should be alone."

THE influence of prejudice upon the mind of man, is exemplified more strikingly in the treatment which he bestows on woman, than in any thing else. It has always been the practice of wicked wits and ill-natured cynics, to make them the object of their indecent raillery and abuse. In former times these haughty "lords of the creation" pretended that females were not endowed with as strong intellects as males; and therefore treated them as beings of an inferior order But time gradually removed the veil in which prejudice had wrapped up the character of the sex, and it was acknowledged that their inferiority was the defect of education and not of nature. Now the theme of abuse was changed, but not the object; they were charged with concealing beneath the semblance of angels, the disposition of fiends; the name of woman was but another appellation for hypocricy and deceit; and so universally did this infatuation affect all ranks, that even one of the most grave and solemn poets of Great Britian exclaims

"Frailty, thy name is woman,"

A more liberal system of education and manners, having now nearly extirpated those opinions, the wanton wags of the day have turned their artillery against the *dress* of the ladies. The followers of fashion cannot avoid being hurried into some ridiculous extravagances: but are the men more moderate than the women? I think not. Let them therefore "pluck the beam out of their own eyes," and reform their dress by bringing it down to a rational standard; they will then be better qualified to act the part of censors upon the gowns and petticoats of their wives and daughters.

Man, when under the influence of no controlling power, suffers his passions to acquire an absolute dominion over him. The various circumstances and revolutions of his life, plunge him into the most gloomy despair, or exalt him into the most rapturous joy; he is a stranger to the mildness of Contentment, and his breast resembles the ocean when convulsed by the raging of contrary winds. In short, from a minute review of the general character of the Bachelor, we may deduce this sacred truth, "It is not good for the man to be alone."

Notwithstanding all the sarcasms and sneers of libertines, against marriage, no man can be happy, unless he enters into that condition. The married man, when outward anxiety or distress annoys him, seeks relief in the bosom of his wife: for the gentle minds of women are peculiar designed by nature for administering consolation. Has he a secret, her breast is it's repository; he pours forth his whole soul to her, unrestrained by the cold maxims of prudence, which influence his conduct with respect to his own sex. His wife is his only firm and unshaken friend; for it is almost impossible that friendship should exist with purity and fervor betwixt man and man. Ambition, rivalry and contrariety of opinions too often produce a mutual coldness, which soon degenerates into apathy. I think therefore I am justifiable in asserting, that true and genuine friendship cannot subsist except in the hearts of those whom Hymen has united; with them every reverse of fortune serves but to draw the cords of affection still tighter; and even in old age, when all the fire of youth is extinguished, they can retrace the "sadly pleasing scenes" of their more vigorous years, still blessed with the esteem and confidence of each other.

THE LAZY PREACHER.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

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MR. HOGAN,

SIR,

THE last number but one of your useful Repository, presents us with a host of writers against music, dancing, &c. in whose productions it is lamentable to see such a spirit of perversion and illiberality. Is their cause really so bad that they cannot defend it with argument? or are they such poor bigotted mortals that they cannot bear any person to think differently from them?

Frank Literal having in a masterly manner, handled *Senex* and *An Old Dancer*, I shall not trouble myself with them, neither shall I spend much time on the *simple Questions* of *Verus*;—every man of observation must know, that Misses in general do "learn to read before they learn to dance," and that dancing is not generally "considered as an adequate substitute for mental improvement,"—and that therefore his insinuations are false.

Every liberal-minded christian would answer his two next questions, Yes, and his last, No; because when dancing occupies so much of a person's time, as to interfere with the duties of his station in life, it becomes sinful, though in itself an innocent amusement: indeed, every amusement is sinful when it so far captivates the affections, as to take the lead of religious, moral and civil duties; but in subordination to these they are useful and proper.

G. claims more particular consideration; his first, and the greater part of his second column, I entirely agree with. Had I before known that the game of billiards is never played without something being staked, either directly or indirectly, I should without hesitation, have pronounced it sinful, as I do every species of gambling. Among the rest LOTTERIES, though sanctioned by custom and governments, are not the least sinful; for the purchaser of a ticket in a lottery, is "flushed with the hope" of obtaining his neighbour's money, without giving an equivalent; and consequently encourages in himself a covetous disposition, in direct violation of the Divine command.

I begin with *G.* as an antagonist, where he says, "our becoming inhabitants of heaven does in no degree depend on our learning music while in this world. *J. I. H.* however, asserts something diametrically opposite."—This, *Mr. G.* is not true; I asserted only, that music forms a considerable part of the joys of heaven; and this no Christian can deny. I then gave merely as my opinion, that they who learn it here, will have the advantage of those who have it to learn when they get to heaven; does this exclude any one "from that blessed place?" I defy *G.* or any of my opponents to prove this sentiment erroneous. Indeed it appears they knew better than attempt it, and were therefore determined to pervert its meaning, in order to shew their wit in turning it to ridicule; let them read my communication again, with attention, and then take shame to themselves, for their illiberality and perversion.

That songs are *learned* in heaven, is plain from the 3d verse of the 14th chapter of the Revelations, and many other passages; but, says *G.* how do we know that the same tunes are sung in heaven as on earth? Learning tunes, and learning music are two distinct things: a person who understands music, can learn a thousand tunes, while another would learn one; he therefore has the advantage; and if on earth, why not in heaven? because, says *G.* all in heaven are on a par in every respect.

Our Saviour says, John xiv. 2. in my Father's house are many mansions: Now if all "were on a par," they would need but one mansion, but being different in degrees of glory, they require different places to dwell in, and are appointed to different offices, according to their capacities; such as elders, kings, priests, harpers, trumpeters, messengers, &c. &c. we read also

of 144000, who sang a new song, which none could *learn* but themselves; surely then these had the advantage of the rest in that particular.

I had intended when I sat down, to make some remarks on the abusive and intemperate production of Ten Love, in your last number, in reply to G. but a second reading has determined me to pass it by, as not worth the trouble; every person of common sense will answer it in his own mind, as he reads it; and lament that the young man should so miserably expose his weakness.

Philamor is included with the rest of my opponents, as a perverter. J. I. H.

RECENT INSTANCE OF THE

SAGACITY OF THE ELEPHANT.

NUMEROUS facts have been recorded of the half-reasoning powers of the elephant, particularly in its native regions; and though there is no doubt that a state of servitude and a removal to an ungenial clime are unfavorable for a display of its instincts and its energies, the following recent instance of its sagacity deserves to be recorded:

A sentinel belonging to the menagerie at Paris, anxious to discharge his duty, was extremely vigilant, every time he mounted guard near the elephants, to prevent the spectators from supplying them with casual food. This conduct was not much calculated to procure him the friendship of those sensible animals. The female, in particular beheld him with a very jealous eye, and had several times endeavoured to correct his officious interference, by besprinkling him with water from her trunk.

One day, when a great number of people were collected to view the elephants, the opportunity seemed convenient for receiving, unnoticed, a small piece of bread; but the rigorous sentinel was then upon duty.—The female, however, placed herself before him, watched all his gestures, and the moment he opened his mouth to give the usual admonition to the spectators, discharged a stream of water full in his face. A general laugh ensued; and the sentinel having wiped himself, stood a little on one side, and continued his vigilance. Soon after he had occasion to repeat his charge to the company, not to give any thing to the elephants; but no sooner had he uttered the words, than the female laid hold of his musket, twirled it round her trunk trod it under foot, and did not restore it, till it was twisted into the form of a screw.

Whether this put a stop to his officiousness we are not informed; but it probably taught him more caution at least.

Uncommon food of certain Indians in South America.

C. HUMBOLDT, a French gentleman, who has lately traversed the vast regions in South America between the coast, the Orenquo, Rio-Nigro, and the river of the Amazons, among other discoveries, found a nation of Indians, called *Ydapaminares*, who eat nothing but *ants dried in smoke*. Another nation, he observes, called the *Otamaguas*, for three months in the year, when the river Orenoquo is very high, and they can find no tortoises, eat scarcely any thing but a kind of *fat earth*. There are some of them who eat a pound and a half of it per day; and yet, astonishing as it may seem, are healthy and robust.

Curious method of ascertaining the Velocities of

LIGHT AND SOUND.

THOSE who are habituated to the use of artillery, are able to judge *accurately* of the direction in which the cannon is fired, by comparing with each other the *two flashes* of powder. The *one* from the muzzle, the other from the touch-hole. They stand on a wall, or fortification, and, observing the fire of distant cannon, say, "This ball goes to the right—that to the left. But the pointed one *strikes the spot*, from which they *take care* to leap, as soon as they see the flash. The ball passes through the air at the rate of *three miles in one second*, but the light of the burning powder is conveyed to the eye, at the rate of 198,000 *miles in one second*. Therefore, they have time to see the flash, and to get out of the direction *before* the arrival of the ball, which *would kill them before they could hear the report of the gun*; which report moves only at the rate of *a quarter of mile in one second*. In thunder storms, the burning vapour, which constitutes the flash, explodes before the clap commences. The *flash* is conveyed to us at the rate of 198,000 *miles in a second*, but the *thunder clap* creeps at the rate of 13 *miles in a minute*. Hence, when we *hear the thunder, we know we are safe* from *that* explosion of vapour, which must have passed off from us before the arrival of the thunder: and, by this comparative calculation of light and sound, the thunder cloud is computed to be distant about one mile, when we see the lightning five seconds before we hear the thunder.

The way Fortunes are made in this World.

AN ITALIAN FABLE.

FOUR animals of different natures and humours; the stately horse; the ox, serious and full of gravity; the timid sheep; and the long-eared ass; were travelling together in a large sandy plain in search of adventures. At length, after a long journey, tired, distressed, and almost starved, they came in sight of a pleasant, green and well cultivated land. No sooner were the hungry company within ken, than each began to whet his teeth, when lo, as they drew near, they beheld the beautiful field surrounded on all sides by a large ditch and thick quickset, whilst more disastrous still, at the only entrance, sat an ill-looking, sour, brawny muscled fellow of a farmer, with a stick in in his hand, thick enough and long enough to drive away all love of eating in a moment. The generous steed, as soon as he beheld the club, found a *je ne scai quoi* rising in his stomach, which very soon gave him his dinner. The sheep trembled; the ox, took time to think of it, but after a long deliberation, determined to keep at a distance from the stick. *Thus did they.*—But the ass without thinking a minute about it, gave a leap and encountered the stick. In vain did the keeper bawl out, vain were the brandisments of his weapon, and vain their repeated falls on the hide of the animal, who keeping on his steady way, in spite of the horrid tempest falling on every side of him, found himself at length runing about the flowery recess. There, lifting up his head in self-exultation, and turning to his scornful friends, who looked upon the successes of the long-eared hero with envious eyes,—"*Learn of me,*" said he, with a placid and composed countenance,—"*Learn of me!* THUS IT IS THAT FORTUNES ARE MADE IN THIS WORLD.

ANECDOTE OF JOHN BUNYAN.

WHAT we now denominate *mince pies*, were formerly called *Christmas pies*. When John Bunyan, author of the Pilgrim's Progress, was in Shrewsbury goal for preaching and praying, a gentleman who knew his abhorrence of any thing that sounded Popish, and wishing to play upon his peculiarity, one 25th of December sent his servant to the poor preacher, and desired his acceptance of a large Christmas pye. John took little time to consider; but seizing the pastry, desired the fellow to thank his master, and "tell him, I have lived long enough, and am now hungry enough, to know the difference between *Christmas* and *pye*."

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

TO AMYNTOR.

FRIEND of the Muse! why is thy lyre
So soon, alas! unstrung?
Why have thy numbers full of fire,
Expired on thy tongue?

Has busy care thy mind poss ess'd,
Depress'd thy spirits meek?
Does anguish rancour in thy breast,
And sickness wan thy cheek?

O once again the Doric reed,
In sweetest cadence tune!
The yielding heart a captive lead;
Thy pleasing task resume.

Strike up thy lyre, thou child of song!
The gentle passions move;
To thee alone those strains belong,
That melt my soul to love.

AMELIA.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

AN ENIGMA.

IN days of yore, if history speaks true,
Mankind my use and virtues little knew;
But in these modern and refining ages,
I've been familiar both to sots and sages.
I travel thro' the earth, and 'tis well known,
Of late I into great repute am grown;
And what seems strange, the farther I'm remov'd,
From my own clime, the more I am belov'd;
By high and low, by rich and poor caress'd,
And when at table wait on ev'ry guest;
Yet I'm so impolite,—no deference pay,
Careless of all remarks, be what they may.
Sometimes I'm highly prais'd by every stranger,
Yet still, alas! my character's in danger;
For when I'm thus esteem'd,—for me how sad!
My mistress says she's sorry I'm so bad;
And then apologies are oft repeated,
With wishes that her friends were better treated;
Thus I'm insulted, and my name run down,
Altho' perhaps no better in the town.
But should I now in innocence declare,
The cruel treatment that I often bear;
All must feel pity for my wretched fate,
And each my dreadful case commisserate,
When I have brav'd the dangers of the seas,
Thousands of miles intending you to please;
How cruel and ungrateful—but no matter!
You scald me like a pig with boiling water;
Then satiated with my blood and spirit,
Which ought to give me some degree of merit;
Instead of which, for all my service past,
I'm in the street, or on some dunghill cast,
Unless friend Betty still my aid implore,
To clean the carpet or the parlour floor;
There am I smother'd in the filth and dust,
Thus end my services, and I'm accurst.
Now generous souls, your sympathy extend, (friend;
Seek, till you find, your thus neglected
And when you've found my pedigree and name,
Let pity rescue me from this dire shame.

OLIVIA.

To the Editor of the Philadelphia Repository.

SIR,

AS I consider you as a *censor morum* of this city, I wish to call your attention to to the conduct of certain young ladies, who, by throwing aside that modesty and decorum, which are the true ornaments of their sex, expose themselves to the censure, of those who otherwise would respect and esteem them.

I allude to those who make a practice of saluting almost every gentleman they meet; who, as they walk the streets, by their indecent behaviour attract the attention (not the admiration!) of every one, and make themselves conspicuous by their immodest and disgraceful conduct. Several of these ladies are of respectable families and connections:—Some ascribe their folly to levity; but most ascribe it to impudence and effrontery. There is nothing more easily lost, and nothing more difficult to be regained than a lady's character—and I candidly inform some, who continue their foolish extravagance in spite of the repeated remonstrances of their friends, and the tacit reproofs of those whom their conduct shocks, that their characters are in a fair way to be entirely ruined. A word to the wise is sufficient; but these ladies have been so often privately censured, that I fear this public reproof will have very little weight.

L.

PHILADELPHIA,
MARCH 20, 1802.

☞ At an exhibition of the HARMONIC SOCIETY, on Thursday evening, the 18th inst. a very handsome and appropriate Address on the Science of Music, was delivered by Mr. James A. Neal, Principal of the Young Ladies' Academy, (by appointment of the Society) to an uncommonly crowded audience. The design of this Address was to exhibit the power of music over the human heart,—to shew its happy influence on society in general, and to call the attention of the public, particularly of the female sex, to its more general cultivation. We hope to see this Address published, as notwithstanding the Stentorian lungs of the speaker, not much more than half the audience heard it distinctly.

The vocal performances of the evening, under the direction of the Rev. Mr. LAW, were conducted in the usual masterly manner, and reflect the highest honour on the scientific skill of that worthy character.

QUESTION FOR THE REPOSITORY.

TO determine a point in the base of any given triangle, from which two lines, one drawn to the vertical angle, and the other to one of the sides, shall divide the triangle into three equal parts?

N. B. This question is not to be solved by algebra.

Addition to the Enigmatical Lists formerly published.—The names of the last list will be given soon.

1. Three fourths of a huntsman's call—half of a tumultuous assembly—two thirds of a grain given to horses. A place of intrigue—one third of a nut—& two thirds of an eye.

2. One third of a horned animal—three fourths of an unhappy king—a negative particle. One half of a kind of fuel—two thirds of a barking dog—one third of an East India weed—two thirds of the name of a member of Congress from Virginia—and one third of a most agreeable word for a lover.

3. Three fourths of an Evangelist—one half of what most men are in pursuit of—and three fourths of what landlords are glad to receive. Two thirds of a bird of the night—one half of a kiln—and one third of a galley.

MARRIED.....In this City....On the 18th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Jones, Mr. John Evans, to Mrs. Sarah Parncut.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"*Adventures of an Evening*," by *Carlos*—"*Sonnet to Morpheus*," by *Lorenzo*—"*V.*" and "*Mandonoch, A Tale*," in our next.

"*G.'s*" reply to *Ten Love* we are compel'ed to exclude on account of its length; besides, upon reflection, the writer will be sensible, that every candid reader upon perusing what has already been published, will make nearly the same remarks.

"*Question addressed to Miss .....*" with the answer, was originally addressed to the late Countess of Coventry; and since that to many a pretty Miss on both sides the water—the present proposer however, has the merit of *copying* it in a very handsome manner!

"*Jack's*" account of his friend *Tom* would make an excellent prologue to *Much ado about Nothing*.

"*D.*" will find his remarks anticipated by *The Lazy Preacher*.

"*Table of the Population of China*" will probably be given some time hence.

TEMPLE of the MUSES.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

AN ELEGY
TO THE
MEMORY OF THE AUTHOR'S FATHER.

A PASTORAL DIALOGUE.

COLIN.

DAMON what grieves? has Philis prov'd unkind,
Or has your trusted friend betray'd your mind?
Have blasting mildews blighted all your corn?
Have muddy floods o'er all your meadows borne
Their lev'ling wave? has winter's sweeping rain
Rotted your flocks and mock'd your hope of gain?
Whatever ill, O trust thy Colin's breast;
Reveal the torment and thy mind will rest.

DAMON.

Not these, tho' ills, could shake my peace of mind,
Great is my grief and of another kind:
My father dear has bade adieu to pain,
Alas! no more he'll tread the flow'ry plain.

COLIN.

Then let us grieve, I'll mingle sigh for sigh,
Till echo mourn, and all our rocks reply.
Alas! no more the live-long winter's night,
We'll hear him read, and all our souls delight
With wise remarks, to warm our rising youth
With love of virtue, innocence and truth.
Who now shall answer all our questions hard,
And prove that VIRTUE is her own reward;
Compose our quarrels, all our love increase,
And cause ill-will and slander hold their peace?
We long may weep, the joy of ev'ry swain,
Alas! no more shall tread the flow'ry plain.

DAMON.

Oh Colin hadst thou known but half his worth,
And felt like me his goodness from thy birth;
Hadst known his tender, kind, parental heart,
Sincere, refin'd, humane in every part;
By him hadst thou to learning's joys been led,
Taught virtue's practice,—to religion bred,
Taught too the HOLY BOOK to read and weigh,
Thy mind to judge, thy infant lips to pray;
Inform'd to shun the world's censorious sneer,
And all the ills in folly's mad career:
Then would'st thou know the wound which I endure,
A wound which things below can never cure.
With early morn, he taught my soul to rise
To HIM whose power created earth and skies,
And ev'ry night, bent low before the throne,
His guardian care and gracious goodness own.
He, to my view display'd fair wisdom's plan,
And shew'd the duty of the youth, and man;
Led me to view my MAKER and my FRIEND,
In him who no beginning hath, nor end.
Oh! who shall now the friendly warning give,
And teach me, vagrant, how I ought to live?
Alas! he's gone,—flow, flow my tears amain—
No more with us he'll tread the flow'ry plain.

COLIN.

Last Sabbath, as I drove a field my flocks,
I saw him seated 'neath these aged rocks;
Colin, he cried, come near—I swiftly ran,
And joyful plac'd me by the good old man:
He smiling shook my hand, and prais'd my speed,
Then op'd the holy book and made me read
Th' instructive story of the spendthrift-son,—
And then informed me, when the tale was done,
That we, like him, had from our Father fled,
By vain desires and folly's foibles led:—
Yet God, our Father, stands and ardent cries,
"Be wise, return, I'll save your souls from sighs."
My heart was mov'd, again I read it through,
And all its beauty burst upon my view.
As long's this HOLY BOOK shall cheer my mind,
As long as Sabbath rests the lab'ring hind,
As long's religious love and heavenly joy
Can yield sweet peace and all my powers employ,
So long I'll mind his look, his counsel sweet,
And all his says, and wise remarks repeat:
Still to my mind dear shall these rocks remain—
Alas! no more he'll tread the flow'ry plain.

DAMON.

Last eve when near his great account he drew,
He rose,* and blest, and bade us all adieu;
Forbade our sighs, nay counsell'd us to joy,
Because we knew his glorious state was nigh.
Ye know, he said, religion was my life,
Death hath no fears, I glory in the strife,—
O God I come,—then in a lovely smile,
He clos'd his course, and bade adieu to toil.

COLIN.

O Damon sweet is pure religion's joy,
It sooths our woes and quiets ev'ry sigh.
He's gone before, let's imitate his worth,
So stand prepar'd to bid adieu to earth.
While we lament he tastes supreme delight,
Eternal love absorbs sin's darksome night.
We silly mortals here must grieve and toil,
And tend our flocks whilst health and summer smile—
Winter comes on, old age too wont delay—
'Tis true—I feel my strength 'gin to decay.
But see the shadow warns approaching eve,
Lets try to bear, resign and cease to grieve;
Time's on his way, swift, swift his moments' fly—
He's gone—the next may Damon be—or I.

X. W. T.

* A literal fact.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

SONNET TO GENIUS.

"The poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;
The poet's pen gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name."

HAIL! precious gift of Heav'n, great Genius hail!
To thee the muse would fain devote a lay;
O wilt thou strew with flow'rs her devious way,
And waft upon thy wings a fresh'ning gale?

'Tis thine to trace the windings of the soul!
With lynx's beam to pierce thro' darken'd space:
On airy-forms bestow a living grace:
And from crude matter make a perfect whole.

Immortal Newton by thy quick'ning aid
Impetuous soar'd, undaunted in his flight,
To worlds unknown, thro' realms of ether bright:
Creation's wonders saw, her native charms display'd.

O faint resemblance of th' Eternal Sire!
Grant me one spark of thy celestial fire,

EUGENIO.

TO CLIO, AND OTHER MORALIZERS.

"Whate'er the mode be that takes place,
"'Tis just the same in point of grace."

YE who dislike the reigning taste,
Who wish to see a lengthy waste;
Who think our bosoms most too bare,
And seem to hate our frizzled hair:
Attend one moment to my lines,
Nor falsely blame in foolish rhymes
The pretty dresses of our times.
For modish whims in due progression
Do uniformly take possession
Of ev'ry charm and ev'ry grace,
Which hovers round a pretty face.
Now when we hear of a new fashion,
The charms and graces quit their station,
And with the self-same form and state
Upon the newest whimsy wait.
The present mode perhaps may change,
You Critics then may think it strange
If very homely we should call
What now appears the rage of all:
The time perhaps may not be long,
Cease then to blame what you think wrong:
Nor still pretend that to despise
Which is not loathsome to your eyes.
You should not satirize our sex
For modish forms that do not vex;
You rather should with art beguile,
And praise the taste, to see us smile.
CLIO indeed you're not the plan,
Vous iles impoli, kind of man;
Once of your rhyming I thought well,
But you no longer do excel:
Your lays no more the fair will please,
You satirize with too much *ease*.
Unfeelingly you blame the belles
For venturing to please themselves:
This we think, *Clio*, is not right,—
Indeed, indeed 'tis not polite.
If you must scribble with you pen,
Do satirize the foolish men:
Their dresses and their manners too
Want mending, if we judge by you.
I'll not describe your ugly dress
Lest you shou'd think me shameless;
Will only therefore now surmise,
That you too closely criticise;
That you too much are in a passion
With those who like the reigning fashion.
You should not, *Clio*, blame the belles—
Sure we've a right to please ourselves:
We all do think the fashion pretty,
Then what avails your foolish ditty:
We do not dress to please the men,
Withhold therefore your saucy pen.
You are a most unpolish'd beau,
The ladies all esteem you so:
If you continue moralizing
We will insist on advertising;
And if in hand a pen we take
We'll make you out a saucy rake;
Or prove, perhaps, you're what is worse,
A married woman's greatest curse.
You seem with caution to deny
Being what some call a Quaker sly:
You do not please, be what you will,—
We cannot taste at all your pill:
Whate'er your silly thoughts may be,
They have no weight with *more* than me,
For 'tis as clear as noon-day light—
Whate'er the fashion is, 'tis right.

ELIZA.